

M. Harry Whobals mon to M. Camell

greetes, him wysching hally bread, to feare all ragging spretes.

He bin nod yo mast Cammell sur, by gys I trow ye byn:
For Streuen Steple twode yer marks, that yo han brought fro Lyn.
Sur, an yo woden herken me, Ie tell yo all the troth,
My mastur Harry Whoball sur, is toto shamefull wrothe,
Woth yore hye maship, for a byll that yo han ryten late:
For int ye rayle apon ym soze, as he wo: nod yer mate.
Yo wolt nod whad yo wenten about, for heez a gentmon borne:
And peery day doz hunt te deare, an yo men weare is whozne.
Hee kyles grey gooses mony tymes, an yo their teyles shon weare:
For heele nod han yore vortelle sur, its meete for yo to beare.
An yore none selfe shon neede yor flap to fray the bussing flyes,
Urom blowing maggots: but a trowes, yo wonnod bleare yore eyes
Woth ryting any godly thing, ne weele yor bucke to plye:
For hit dooz seeme, yo set yor mynde apont but naughtylve.
But lest yo drinken out yer even, when zommer wares whot.
Whyle wodder ryten in yor nome, yore nose is in the pot.
Bynnod yo dronken quite alout. yo han tane Jacke for gyll,
Ye flaundorne fery mony sur, that woden yo none yll.
Sur, mastur Churchyard haz no bels, but yo don neede a Lacky.
Some Morryon boye to hold ye by, for drinke is toto nappye.
My mastur cowde nod weele beleue that yo sur worne a mon:
For case yo sen yo ben a Beaste, and lyke a fengeaunce won.
Hyt peeres that yo han naught, he says, but fengeaunce in yor braines:
For case yo lien, an han no thonke, an putten men to paines.
Mast Choploche, chop yo hally watur: an why nod hally breade:
Wode ye hod chopt the sonny raks, that yo in Lyn han leade.
For sur, my mastur merbles moch, whad mad yor Braynes to crowe,
That when yo hadden raylen ynow, wo Churchyard an wom mo:
To gyn a yene to rayle on him, that yo ne see ne knew,
As won that furst haz dronken alout, an gynnes a yene to brew.
My mastur plize his bussinesse, bout fortye moyle be yend,
An when a hard yor folysch byll, haz me to London send,
To asy yor maship whats te case, that yo so braggen an bosten:
As won that yeat an honest nome in all yor life neare losten.
To sclaudre won that gnaues ye nod, nor scant offe yo haz harde:
Soffe lately when a mon en Lyn, yor qualistries declarde,
An lost of all to preine ye sur, a wisement butter take:
(Bew are yo last a lone: in deede, yor storne will soone aslake)
An ten my mastur woll forgie yore rashnesse, I yo shone,
An yo won stynt by this: and let all honest things alone.
Fare weele mast Camell thus, for I a don my narnde:
The which my master Whoball haz me streytly warnd,
I syre yo bin nod splealde, for I a sed non ill:
But whad my master dyd me charge, to sen yo tyll.

By yore none

At yore maunding.

Ar yo desiring for to lurne my nome, tough hit be rude:
I wood hit shone, an yo wood sweare, yo wodden nod me delude.
See ore my riting peery whyt, an note an marke ye, that
A childe dooze furst the letters lurne, an then taks words therat.
A mon of wisedame, as yo bin, may knowe that chyldren all
Ar brought from spealing for to reade, an wooder things wothall:
Deny nod this to be the best an ruderst swort, and than
Bee like to them, beginning furst, as weele as yere ye con.
Ye then shon yo pike out my nome, an yore none selfe parcauen
A pratty thing the which is int, an now hear of we leauen.
Arrogant foke won nod do this, but yo I won nod blame:
Desiring yo to rede tces last trolue rowes, an lurne my nome.

